¶ A newe Ballade, declaryng the daungerons shootyng of the Gunne at the Courte.

To the tune of Sicke and sicke.

VVeepe, weepe, still I weepe, and shall doe till I dye:
To thinke vpon the Gunne was shot, at Court so daungerouslie.

THe seuētene daie of Julie laste, at euenyng toward night,
Our noble queene Elizabeth, tooke barge foz her delight:
And bad the watermē to row, her pleasure she might take
About the Riuer to and fro, as muche as thei could make.
Weepe, weepe, still I weepe, and shall doe till I dye:
To thinke vpon the Gun was shot, at court so daungerouslie.

And of her Counsell with her grace, were nobles two oz three,
As fittest were to be in place, regardyng their degree:
The Frenche Imbassadour likewise, to comon with her grace,
Of waightie causes satte with her, eche one in comely place.
Weepe, weepe. &c.

But when her grace an howeꝛ oꝛ twoo, had past to take the aire,
Returnyng readyng on a booke, she saied rowe soft and faire:
Wherby as God the matter wrought, the slackneſſe and the staie,
Softely she paste and nothyng thought, of gunshotte any waie.
Weepe, weepe, &c.

But all this while vpon the Themes, in a schullers Boate vn=
A wretched felloe got a gun, that was none of his owne (knowne
And shot a bullet twoo oz three, at randon all about,
And gaue no greate regard to see, what time the queene wēt out.
Weepe, weepe. &c.

But as her grace came passyng by, had giuen his peece a charge,
And there out let a bullet flie, that hitte one in the Barge:
A water man through bothe his armes, as he began to rowe,
That he cried out vpō his harmes, wherat the queene was woe.
Weepe, weepe &c.

Her self in sight and presence by, when that the bullet came,
She sawe hym hurt, she sawe him fall, yet shrīck not at the same:
Neither made she any fearfull shewe, to seme to bee dismaied,
Noꝛ seemed to the Embassadour, of any thyng afraied.
Weepe, weepe &c.

But hauyng suche a mightie myndе, as passeth tonge to tell,
She stept vnto the wounded man, and bad hym take it well:
His gushyng blood could not availe, her noble courage then,
But she was readier to giue helpe, then all the noble men.
Weepe, weepe &c.

But what her highneſſe saied and did, in that so sodaine feare,
Hereafter in my soꝛte tale, the substaunce you shall heare:
Let boats go out and fetche hym in she saied, that this hath doon,
And quickly was the persone bꝛought, that so discharged ỹ gunne
Weepe, weepe, &c.

The noble counsellozs moste abꝛoad, to whō these tidyngs came
Made hast to court with trembling harts, to thinke vpō the same:
Applaudyng God vpon their knees. moste humbly in their place,
With teares of ioye that bitter bale, had so escaped her grace.
Weepe, weepe &c.

His name was Thomas Appletree, of Courte a seruyng man,
Whiche was no little greef to see, to his good maister than:
He was committed to the gaile, at Counsellers graue regarde,
That thei might iudge what vilest death, were fit foz his reward
Weepe, weepe &c.

With blubꝛyng teares it is no bote, to tell the weepyng eyes,
That were full woe of suche a shot, where all our saftie lyes:
The bullet came so nere her grace, within sixe foote at least,
Was neuer suche a cursed case, by suche a wilfull beast.
Weepe, weepe &c.

Wherefoꝛe it was decreed and iudged, by all the counsell graue,
That hangyng was to good a death, foꝛ suche a wꝛetch to haue:
A gibbet was set vp in haste, against the Court full nye,
Where this vnhappie Appletree, was pointed foꝛ to dye.
Weepe, weepe &c.

And on the Tuesdaie following, then this wicked prisoner came,
Well garded with the Marshalls men, to hang vpon the same:
His maister standyng on the banke, to heare what he could saie,
He humbly fell vpon his knees, and mercie did hym praie.
Weepe, weepe &c.

Would God thou hadst neuer serued me, q he with woful looke,
But God he saied forgiue it thee, that cursed marke thou tooke:
And after prayer saied and doen, on the ladder as he stood,
He tooke his death before them all, he was a subiect good.
Weepe, weepe, &c.

And neuer ment to hurt her grace, noꝛ any in the Barge,
Noꝛ ment to shoote in any place, to hurte with any charge:
But wilbed he neuer had been bozne, foꝛ his good masters sake,
Whom he had made a wofull man, and no amendes could make.
Weepe, weepe &c.

Foꝛ troth it was and truthe it is, the Queene & Councell knowe
Not willyngly, though wittyngly, he let the bullet goe:
Whiche matter hath been sifted so, it moueth moꝛe her grace,
To let the passion of it goe, the meekelier in his case.
Weepe, weepe &c.

The Queene that sawe this Sacrifice, a ready wretch to dye,
Whose pittie pleadeth pardon still, put foꝛthe her princely eye:
And sent the Captaine of her Gard, a Counseler graue and wise,
To make the facte and fauour knowne, as he could beste deuise.
Weepe, weepe, &c.

Who gaue a thīdꝛing peale of grace, the prisoners fault to shewe
And all the people in the place, what prince thei had to knowe:
What courage in her noble grace, in perill did appeare,
Before the Frenche Embassadours face, in suche a sodain feare.
Weepe, weepe, &c.

And tolde againe if that mishap, had happened on her grace,
The state of true Religion, how perlous were the case:
Whiche might haue turnde to bloody warres, of strange & forein foes,
Alas how had wee been a curste, our comfoꝛte so to lose.
Weepe, weepe &c.

Then of the mercie of her grace, her subiects li[illegible] saue,
By whom these xx. yeres in peace, suche quiet [illegible] haue:
The teares fell doune on euery side, and aloude the people crie,
The almightie long preserue her grace, to gouerne prosperouslie.
Weepe, weepe, &c.

And laste of all he saied againe, marke yet this piteous queene,
Foꝛ all this vile vnhappie facte, so leudely doen and seene:
Retournes to her inured course, of mercie to foꝛgiue,
That this accursed shall not dye, but pardons hym to liue.
Weepe, weepe &c.

And then to heare the people shoute, and see thē clapt their hands
Who would haue toꝛne his fleshe before, being in hangmās hāds
To see the goodnesse of her grace, to suche greate pitie bent,
It made the stonieſt harte of all, astonied to lament.
Weepe, weepe &c.

The counseler that the pardon bꝛought, then knelyng on his kne
And euery subiecte as thei ought, kneeled as well as he:
And saied a prayer foꝛ her grace, vpon the dolefull grounde,
Whereof the peoples sighyng sherles, aboue the skies rebounde.
Weepe, weepe, &c.

All louyng subiectes learne to knowe, your ducties to our quene,
By lande and water where ye goe, that no suche deede be sene:
But praie to God that rules the skies, her highneſſe to defende,
To raigne with him perpetually, whē her highnes life shall ende.
Weepe, weepe, still I weepe, and shall doe till I dye:
To thinke vpon the gun was shot, at court so dangerously.

Finis. W. E.

¶ *Imprinted at London for Edward VVhite, dwellyng at the little North-doore of Saint Paules churche, at the signe of the Gunne.*